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03x05 - There's Nothing Noble about Being Poor

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03x05 - There's Nothing Noble about Being Poor

by **bunniefuu**

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[Mel, Lindsay and Michael are waiting at clinic.]

[Michael] Careful, that could be counterproductive. You know, you two ought to calm down.

[Lindsay] Aren’t you even just a teeny, tiny bit nervous?

[Michael] Why should I be nervous? I’ll be in and out of there in two minutes. Bing! Bang! Boom!

[Mel] So why are you fidgeting?

[Michael] Because I haven’t touched myself in threes days. You’d be fidgeting too.

[Nurse] Novotny?

[Michael] Present. I mean…I’m here.

[Nurse] Follow me.

[Michael] Wish me luck.

[Mel and Linds] We love you.

[Nurse] Here’s for your specimen.

[Michael] A bit optimistic, aren’t we?

[Nurse] And here are your tissues to wipe up after.

[Michael] “Moisturizing cream added for extra softness.” Nice.

[Nurse] Lubricant’s over here, and the magazines are here. The July “hustler” is nasty. Don’t take too long. The clinic closes at 5:00.

[Michael] Well, hopefully we’ll both get off by then. [Michael watching a magazine] Not a d*ck in sight. [Michael watching a vag*na reproduction.] Uhh…

[Justin and Ethan at Heifetz competition]

[Justin] Nervous?

[Ethan] Huh. I'll take "questions whose answers are painfully obvious" for 100, Alex.

[Justin] "This devastatingly handsome violinist dazzled the judges at the semi-finals and consistently takes Tustin Taylor's breath away."

[Ethan] Who is Ethan gold?

[Justin] Bing, bing, bing!

[Ethan] You're my muse. You know that, right? I couldn’t do this without you.

[Justin] Sure you could.

[Ethan] When my mom called, said my grandfather was too sick to travel, I almost didn't come. I've been playing for him my whole life, practicing day and night for this moment. Without him, who was I doing it for?

[Men] You're next, Mr. Gold.

[Justin] I better take my seat.

[Ethan] No, stay here, where I can see you. I'll be playing for you.

[Applause for the previous fiddler]

[Man] Playing the "Scherzo-tarantella, opus 16" by Wieniawski, Ethan Gold.

[Ethan playing] [Michael still jerks off] [In the street Debbie asks for registering to vote] [Two men are kissing]

[Debbie] If you two lovebirds are finished, how about registering to vote?

[The two men] No.

[Debbie] Public displays of affection aren't your only civic duty, you know. It's our responsibility to support the candidates who are willing to fight for and defend the rights of our community.

[Vic] Yeah, you tell 'em, sis. So, uh, how many new voters have you signed up?

[Debbie] Six. How about you?

[Vic] Four.

[Debbie] Christ, with an election comin' up, you'd think these guys would give a sh*t about something else besides getting their dicks sucked.

[Brian] How about a rim job, or a good old-fashioned f*ck?

[Vic] That's what I like, a non-partisan opinion.

[Debbie] Now when's the last time you voted?

[Brian] Uh, let's see, that would have to be the big basket contest at Woody's.

[Vic] Voting's a serious business.

[Debbie] Especially this year. What if that as*h*le gets elected?

[Brian] Which as*h*le?

[Debbie] Christ, where the f*ck have you been?

[Brian] Babylon, the baths.

[Vic] Our illustrious police chief is running for mayor.

[Debbie] And the polls show that he's running neck-and-neck with councilman Deekins.

[Brian] Let me know who wins.

[Debbie] Hold it! You mean you don't care?

[Vic] You mean you surprised?

[Brian] I mean I don't give a f*ck. You know, whether it's the democrat who pretends he likes you, or the republican who hates you and lets you know it, either way, once they're in office, they're not going to do a g*dd*mn thing. So i say, may the best self-serving son of a b*tch win.

[Vic] You know, I almost hate to say it but--

[Debbie] Then keep your trap shut.

[Back to Ethan playing] [Michael jerks off harder] [Back to Ethan] [Back to Michael - Knocking on door]

[Nurse] Mr. Novotny?

[Michael's moaning] [Applause for Ethan] [Knocking on door]

[Nurse] Mr. Novotny, the cleaning crew would like to get in there, and I'd like to go home.

[In Liberty avenue - Registering to vote]

[Jennifer] Hello, my name is-- Do you have just a moment for so I can--

[Man 1] No, I'm sorry.

[Jennifer] You know, if I could just have-- Just a moment--

[Man 2] Not today.

[Jennifer meets Emmett and Ted]

[Jennifer] Hey, guys!

[Emmett] Look at you in your little cap.

[Jennifer] Yeah. Well, Deb's got all us PFLAG parents out volunteering.

[Jennifer] Have you registered?

[Emmett] Yeah, I-I signed up yesterday.

[Ted] You did?

[Emmett] I asked if you wanted to take strip aerobics.

[Ted] I believe Jennifer means to vote.

[Emmett] Oh, that.

[Ted] It's just that sort of apathy that gets the wrong man elected. I, on the other hand, have been a registered republican for almost, uh--

[Emmett] What?

[Ted] A republican.

[Emmett] Are you telling me I've been living with a Yankee and a republican? Give me that.

[Ted] Although once we move, I'll probably have to re-register.

[Jen] You're moving?

[Emmett] Yeah, we're looking for a house.

[Jen] Wonderful. I suppose you already have a realtor.

[Ted] No, no yet.

[Jen] Well, you do now. I would be delighted...to help you find your dream home.

[Emmett] Excellent.

[Ted] Perfect.

[Back to Heifetz competition]

[Man] Before announcing the winner of this year's competition, I'd like to compliment all of our brilliantly talented young finalists.

[Applause]

[Man] Well done. As we witnessed today, each is a superb and remarkably gifted musician. The Heifetz prize goes to...Ling Liu.

[Applause]

[Ethan is speaking to Justin on the tier gradins]

[Ethan] It was the cantabile. The g*dd*mn cantabile! I f*cked it up good. My fingers tightened up. I could... I could feel it.

[Justin] It's okay. It doesn't matter. You were still wonderful. Come on. Let's go home.

[Ethan] Okay.

[Man] Mr. Gold?

[Ethan] That's right.

[Man] Glen Bishop, artists management associates. Glen Bishop. Artists management.

[Justin] Justin Taylor. Moral support.

[Glen to Justin] How you doing?

[Glen to Ethan] You gave a dazzling performance.

[Ethan] Apparently, not dazzling enough.

[Glen] Well, the judges have their own standards, but I have mine. The audience was captivated by your passion, your virtuosity. You have real presence and a great look.

[Ethan] Uh... thanks.

[Glen] The programme says you're from Pittsburgh.

[Ethan] Yeah, that's right.

[Glen] When are you heading back?

[Ethan] Uh, tomorrow morning. I’m gonna have a few drinks before that though.

[Glen] Can I buy you one of them?

[Ethan] Um, you buying for my boyfriend too?

[Glen] Oh, by all means.

[Ethan] Well, all right.

[Glen] After you.

[Liberty Dinner]

[Michael] It doesn't help that there's a room full of people right outside the door who know exactly what you're doing in there.

[Brian] Well, you should've left the door open. What could be hotter than having a bunch of breeders watching you while you jerk off?

[Michael] Even you wouldn't do that.

[Brian] That's true. I went to the "gravel pit" and watched while some guy took it up the butt from a conga line.

[Michael] You whipped up the batter that eventually became Gus in a sex club? It’s disgusting.

[Brian] Not like looking at pictures of some twat spread her lips in a c*m-stained copy of "hustler".

[Debbie] Which one of you said, "hold the mayo"?

[Brian] That would be Mr. miracle whipper.

[Debbie] How did it go? Huh? Did you sh**t your load?

[Michael] Mother!

[Debbie] Bet it was a whopper. Huh! The Grassi side of the family are Italian stallions, all of 'em.

[Brian] Uh-huh. Well, this one didn't pony up.

[Debbie] What?

[Michael] Thanks for announcing the news. While you're at it, why don't you give us the sports and the weather?

[Debbie] What happened, honey? Tell me.

[Michael] Nothing happened. My first obligation to being a father, and I blew it.

[Debbie] Well, don't be so hard on yourself.

[Brian] I wouldn't mention "hard-on".

[Debbie] Honey, a lot of people freeze up under pressure. You know, it's called performance anxiety, right, Brian?

[Brian] Never heard of it.

[Debbie] It’s nothing to be ashamed of. I mean, who could get a stiffie in a sterile environment like that anyway? Why don't you have Ben pull it for you, you know, while you hold the cup?

[Michael] Would you please stop?

[Debbie] What? We’re talking clinically.

[Michael] We're not talking at all!

[Debbie] Fine. Handle it yourself.

[Brian] He already did.

[Michael] Shut up! You know what? I don't know why everybody in Pittsburgh needs to know my business and feel free to comment on it. I'm going home, to whack off, and that's the last anybody needs to hear about it!

[At bar – Glen Ethan and Justin]

[Glen] Our firm represents some of the hottest young concert artists performing in the business. Singers, dancers, musicians.

[Ethan] So you're what, an agent?

[Glen] Talent representative. We arrange for bookings, recording contracts, tours, both in the states and abroad.

[Ethan] Tours?

[Glen] Once people know who you are, they're going to want to see and hear you perform.

[Justin] How are they going to know that?

[Glen] Well, leave that up to us. That's our job.

[Ethan] So, are you... Are you saying you want to represent me?

[Glen] That's exactly what I'm saying.

[Ethan] But why? Why me? I didn't even win. I wasn't even the best.

[Glen] Have you been in a record store lately, Ethan? In the classical department?

[Ethan] Well, yeah, I make my own CDs. I like to check out the competition. See what Joshua Bell is up to.

[Glen] Okay, so you've noticed it's starting to look a lot like the rock department. There's no more covers with snowy haired grandfathers propped up like corpsesat their baby grands, or clutching their violins. Artists these days are young, hip, sexy... Much like yourself.

[Glen] So is that why you're interested in him? Because he's cute?

[Glen] I'm interested in him because he's an extraordinary talent. All the more extraordinary because he's a talent I can sell.

[Ethan] So I'm a... so I'm a commodity.

[Glen] I can't very well sell Mozart. Unlike eminem, he hasn't written anything new in 300 years.

[Justin] Can you excuse me for a moment? Have to pee.

[Justin leaves the table]

[Glen] He's a nice kid.

[Ethan] Yeah. He's an amazing artist.

[Glen] Really?

[Glen] He's good-looking too.

[Ethan] Don't get any ideas.

[Glen] I liked meeting him... But if you decide to sign with me, I don't want to see him again.

[Ethan] What?

[Glen] As far as your professional career is concerned he doesn't exist.

[Stockwell Meeting]

[Gardner] Just as I expected, plenty of pricey prey swimming in these waters. Periscope depth. Focus. That's bill Ranson over there. Jerusalem steel. The redhead beside him is the gatekeeper. Get by her, you're in. Diane Overton. Black dress, by the bar.

[Brian] Check.

[Gardner] Carnegie foundation.

[Gardner] Lots of good leads through her. Ah, the man of the hour whom everyone's anted up five thou to shake hands with, Jim Stockwell.

[Brian's looking at a man]

[Gardner] Are you listening? I paid a shitload of cash to get us in here.

[Brian] For which I am eternally grateful.

[Gardner] Where are you going?

[Brian] To fire a torpedo, captain.

[Brian and the man having sex in the bathroom] [The man out] [Stockwell gets in]

[Brian] So you're running for mayor.

[Jim] That's right.

[Brian] How's it going?

[Jim] Very well, thanks.

[Brian] Really? Because with all this money you're raising you should be out in front, but the polls show you trailing councilman Deekins.

[Jim] My opponent is ahead at this point, by the narrowest of margins. However, my advisors have

informed me that we're well positioned to take over the lead.

[Brian] Your advisors are blowing smoke up your a*s. And your prepared remarks are as stale as the campaign you're running.

[Jim] Thank you for your opinion, Mr... uh...

[Brian] Kinney. Brian Kinney.

[Jim] It's always helpful hearing from one's supporters.

[Brian] I'm not a supporter. I'm an adman, trying to drum up some business among your rich and powerful friends.

[Jim] Huh. At least you're honest.

[Brian] And i figure the best way to get in with them is to get in with you, so if you ever get tired of pissing away your pals' millions on an ad campaign that has you positioned exactly where your advisors want you to be give me a call.

[In Michael and Ben's apt.]

[Michael] What time is it?

[Ben] Oh, it's 5:30.

[Michael] It's so early.

[Ben] Yeah, class is at 8:00.

[Michael] Come back here. Just for a minute.

[Ben] Ah... h*-h*.

[Michael] I thought we could--

[Ben] Yeah, I want to hit the gym before class.

[Michael] There's time. I was hoping you could help me make a little cup of love.

[Ben] Maybe later.

[Michael] Oh, come on. You're so hot. It won't take me very long. It's important that I get it to Mel and Linds as soon as possible.

[Ben] Well, it's important to me that I get to the gym as soon as possible. Okay, I have to go now.

[Slamming of door]

[In a park – Justin and Ethan]

[Justin] You hardly said a word the entire flight. Or last night even. If it was me, I would be running

around, telling everyone. [Justin talking to stranger man] "My boyfriend's going to be a star!"

[Man] Great!

[Justin] Hey, could we go to the diner? If you're not going to show off, you gotta let me do it for you.

[Ethan] Wait.

[Justin] What's wrong?

[Ethan] Glen said if I sign with him, I have to be straight.

[Justin] Straight?

[Ethan] I can't be out. Nobody can know I'm g*y.

[Justin] Are you kidding?

[Ethan] He said it was a condition of the contract that I couldn't be seen with you in public, or acknowledges you.

[Justin] What... that's totally f*cked. It's none of his business, so what does it have to do with playing the violin?

[Ethan] Absolutely nothing. It's all about the album cover, having some young hot stud with tussled hair, shirt unbuttoned down to here, stroking his violin.

[Justin] But you're a serious artist.

[Ethan] Yeah well, if that's all he cared about, he'd be talking to Ling Liu. You know, all Glen and the record companies care about is purse power. All those young women who spend billions a year on CDs, who probably think Paganini is a brand of frozen pizza, who might not buy Ethan Gold's latest CD if they knew he was...f*ck.

[Justin] Well, where does this leave us?

[Ethan] Together. 'Cause I'm not signing.

[Justin] Are you sure? It's your big break.

[Ethan] It's also my talent, my hard work, my life, my decision and my boyfriend.

[At Gardner Vance agency]

[Cynthia] Brian, you won't believe--

[Brian] Any calls?

[Cynthia] No, but you'll--

[Brian] Well, did Brown's send their proofs back yet?

[Cynthia] They came yesterday, but the hell with Brown's. It—it won't matter when I tell you who's--

[Brian's office]

[Brian] Chief Stockwell.

[Jim] Good morning, Mr. Kinney, hope you don't mind my dropping by unannounced.

[Brian] Actually, I was expecting you.

[jim] I wanted my advisors, Nancy Henderson and Dominic Scolotto, to meet you, and to hear firsthand what you told me in the men's room the other night.

[Brian] What, to make sure you flush? Or that you're pissing away the money you've spent on your ad campaign, which amounts to the same thing.

[Nancy] Mr. Kinney, do you mind if I ask, what do you know about running a political campaign?

[Brian] Not a g*dd*mn thing.

[Dominic] Then what the hell are we doing here?

[Jim] Because what Kinney said is true, and he's the only one who's had the ba*ls to say it. Please continue.

[Brian] Well, like I was saying, I may not know anything about politics, but I do know what sells. And right now, you've got a product that no one's buying.

[Dominic] You make him sound like a box of corn flakes.

[Brian] Well, that's exactly what he is. Lucky for you, selling corn flakes is what I do best.

[Nancy] Mr. Kinney, Jim Stockwell has a 15-year record of fighting crime. As chief of police, he's defended not only our streets, but also our traditions, our moral values. His mandate to serve is based upon that commitment.

[Brian] Would you mind sparing me the bullshit rhetoric? We all know you love your family, your flag, your mother, but it's not going to get you arrested. Or in this case, elected.

[Jim] What will?

[Brian] Something that will make the consumer wants to buy your brand rather than the competition. Something that will attract their attention for more than 15 minutes. Something that will make you pop.

[Jennifer shows houses to Emmett and Ted]

[Jen – House 1] This one's a steal.

[Jen – House 2] Brand new. Never been occupied. The builder went bankrupt, so I'm sure you could get it for a song.

[Ted] Well, I'm enjoying the music. I say we go for it. How about you, Em? Don't you love it?

[Emmett] Well, love's a very strong word.

[Ted] Well, what's wrong with it?

[Emmett] Well, it's not exactly my dream house.

[Jen] Of course, uh, you have to picture it with your possessions, your furniture, prints on the wall--

[Ted] Right, use a little imagination.

[Emmett] Oh, I am. And, um... and with a little imagination, I'm picturing a place like this.

[Jen – House 3] This was built in the '40s. Bathrooms and kitchen, all original.

[Emmett] And don't you just adore the little picket fence out front with the rosebushes?

[Jen] Yeah...

[Emmett] It's got such character.

[Ted] It's got character, all right. You'd have to be one to live here.

[Emmett] I don't see anything the matter.

[Ted] It needs new plumbing, new wiring, a new roof. I mean, do you have any idea what it would cost to renovate this place?

[Jen] It could use a little updating.

[Ted] What it could use is a wrecking ball. [Ted about house 2] I say we go with this one. It's in move-in condition.

[Emmett about house 2] It's so cold.

[Ted about house 2] Contemporary.

[Emmett about house 2] Devoid of personality.

[Ted about house 2] Full of possibilities.

[Emmett about house 2] A bargain.

[Ted about house 2] A wise investment.

[Emmett about house 3] I say we go with this one.

[Ted about house 3] It's decrepit.

[Emmett about house 3] Lived-in.

[Ted] about house 3] Run-down.

[Emmett about house 3] Charming.

[Ted about house 3] Claustrophobic.

[Emmett about house 3] Cosy.

[Sigh]

[Ted] What do you think, Jennifer?

[Emmett] Yeah, Jennifer, what do you think?

[Jen] I think that I'll just let you guys talk it over.
[At the Liberty Diner]

[Debbie] Here you go, girls. Two pink plate specials.

[Mel] Oh, what's all this? We only ordered a tuna melt to share.

[Debbie] Oh, I must have gotten the order wrong.

[Lindsay] You never get the order wrong.

[Debbie] We're family now.

[Giggles]

[Mel] We may not be family for long unless Michael comes through.

[Debbie] Excuse me? Did I just hear my beloved son's name mentioned?

[Lindsay] Melanie was just saying—What were you saying, Mel?

[Mel] Oh we're in a bit of a time crunch.

[Debbie] There's no need to worry. Michael can do this. He's a red-blooded all-American g*y boy, which means he has a whack-attack, oh, three, four times a day.

[Mel] Well, then he better start whacking. We only have a three-day window of opportunity.

[Brian] Speaking of windows, do you mind if I put this up in yours?

[Brian] What the f*ck are you doing with that?

[Brian] Say hey to my new account.

[Debbie] That fascist pig?

[Brian] Oh, it's like "Woodstock remembered". I'll have a regular coffee to go.

[Lindsay] Jesus, Brian, you know how Stockwell feels about g*y people. How could you sell your soul to the devil?

[Brian] I haven't sold my soul, I'm just billing for time and expenses.

[Mel] Well, anything you do to help him get elected is hurting us.

[Debbie] Here's your order, piping hot. Scald yourself.

[Brian] Thanks for the tip, Deb. Excuse me if I don't leave you one.

[Debbie holding Justin] Well, at least there's someone in this world left with a little integrity. Ethan was offered a contract with a big agent, and he turned it down 'cause they wanted Sunshine here out of the picture.

[Mel speaking to Brian] Mmm! Ethan did that?

[Justin] It would've meant concert dates, even a record deal.

[Brian] So now he's back on the street, playing for peanuts? Someone should tell him there's nothing noble about being poor. [Slurp] Mmm… Ow! f*ck!

[Debbie looking at Justin and the girls] Oh oops.

[On Ted's office]

[Michael] Jerking off used to be fun. It was something to look forward to and now it's this obligation. You know, there's this big time clock hanging over my head and people are expecting me to perform and it's f*cking hard work. How the hell are you supposed to come on demand?

[Ted] Trust me, it can be done. Look, you're making too much out of this. You're creating a mental block. You just need to relax, ease into it. Get Ben to give you a hand.

[Michael] I tried this morning, but he practically bit my head off.

[Opening/closing of door – Rage comes in]

[Michael] Who's that?

[Ted] That's my new super-jerker. I have you to thank. It's "raging hard-on". He looks great on-screen. Ah, move a little to the left. That's it. All right, now let's see you unleash those superpowers. [Chuckling] Anyway, as I was saying, yeah, you just need to relax. Stop fretting, 'cause you'll see a hot guy, you'll get turned on, you... Michael?

[Michael] Teddy?

[Ted] Yeah?

[Michael] Do you have a cup?

[Ted] A cup? A cup. Uh... Yeah, a cup, uh... Oh, a cup. A cup.

[Michael takes the cup - Michael running to Mel and Linds' house]

[Michael] Ta da! Success!

[Lindsay] At last!

[Michael] I almost didn't make it. Some idiot in a pick-up almost hit me--

[Lindsay] Thanks, sweetie. Honey!

[Lindsay shuts the door]

[Michael] Sure, Linds. No problem. Good luck.

[Lindsay] Got it! Michael's sperm.

[Mel] Oh, there's a lot of it.

[Lindsay] We knew he was generous. Now, quick, get your legs up. Mel, this isn't the immaculate conception. You're going to have to take off your panties.

[Mel] Oh, right! Just think. We're making a baby. A life.

[Lindsay] Okay, now spread your legs.

[Mel] Wait, wait, wait. We need to experience this moment.

[Lindsay] Sweetie... I love you.

[Mel] I love you too.

[Lindsay] Okay? You ready?

[Mel] Yeah.

[In the park Michael and Brian are walking – Ethan plays violin]

[Michael] After what I've been through, I could use a night of Babylon to take my mind off of p*ssy.

[Brian] Who told you to think about it?

[Michael] I couldn't help it, you know? Knowing I was sending my little soldiers off to do battle.

[Brian] I'm sure they knew it was for the greater good.

[Michael] I wonder if it worked.

[Brian] The old turkey baster's put more than one bird in the oven. Ah, f*ck. I'll meet you there.

[Michael] Okay.

[Brian gives Ethan money for playing]

[Ethan] Keep your money, I don't need it.

[Brian] That's not what I heard. You're still working the streets like any other wh*re.

[Ethan] I'm not a wh*re.

[Brian] No, you're right. They peddle their asses, you're selling your music, your forgive the expression, soul.

[Ethan] And what the f*ck would you know about, forgive the expression, soul?

[Brian] I know that you must've worked every day of your life since you were a kid. Playing it till your fingers were numb. Pouring your heart into every measure to make it perfect. So that one day you would be a great artist. But who's going to hear you now?

[Ethan] Why do you give a sh*t?

[Brian] Because you deserve to be heard.

[Ethan] They wanted me to sell out.

[Brian] You should do it.

[Ethan] So you can get Justin back?

[Chuckling]

[Brian] I don't want him. I just hate to see someone holding onto their integrity for no good reason.

[Ethan] I'd expect you to say something like that. You probably would have played for the nazis too.

[Brian] If it had kept me alive for one more day, you're g*dd*mn f*cking right I would. All they're asking is for you to play their game. If you're smart, you'll figure out a way to play it to your advantage.

[Ethan] I'd rather work the street, thank you.

[Brian] That's your call. But there's nothing noble about being poor.

[The guys at Babylon]

[Ted] The one I like is in move-in condition, a perfect space at a perfect price.

[Emmett] And the one I like has the sweetest, little kitchen with a breakfast nook, and a back room...

[Brian] A back room?

[Emmett] That we can convert into a den.

[Brian] Turn it into a fully equipped dungeon. You can sell to some leather queen for twice what you paid for it.

[Ted] Look, Em, I know you love that house. It's the house of your dreams, but dreams aren't practical. Now, I happen to know about property values and investment possibilities, and I'm telling you--

[Emmett] All right. All right, teddy, you know what? If it will make you happy, being "practical", we will go with the house that you like. Okay? It's fine. Now can we please, please, talk about something more pleasant?

[A man who passed out is carrying by the security of Babylon]

[Michael] Isn't that the second one that's O.D.ed tonight?

[Ted] Must be a bad batch.

[Brian] Or some dumb kid who should know not to take candy from strangers.

[Michael] It never changes. Somebody drops. We don't know if they're dead or alive, and nobody misses a beat. The thumpa-thumpa goes on.

[Emmett] So who wants another cosmo?

[Ben] Hey, baby.

[Michael] What are you doing here? I thought you were at the gym.

[Ben] I was missing you. You still love me?

[Michael] Mmm…

[Ben] Mmm, so how about we find a dark, secluded corner where i can kiss you and suck you and—

[Michael] I'd love to, but I promised Mel and Linds I'd bring them another load.

[Ben] Jesus Christ! Since when do these f*cking lesbians control our life?

[Michael] It's only for a couple more days.

[Ben] Forget it.

[Michael] What the hell is the matter with you? Everything seems to piss you off these days, especially me.

[At Gardner Vance agency]

[Gardner] Do you have any idea the doors that would open for us if Stockwell were elected? His corporate backers would be hurling themselves at us to handle their accounts. It could be the critical mass we need to launch the New York office.

[Brian] If he wins, and if he comes back.

[Cynthia] Your favourite client is in there, waiting for you.

[Brian] Thanks for the heads up, Cynthia.

[Gardner] Couldn't he call first?

[Brian] He doesn't have to. Morning, Jim.

[Jim] Good morning.

[Brian] I'd like you to meet Gardner Vance. He's my partner in the firm.

[Jim] Nice to meet you.

[Gardner] Pleasure having you with us.

[Brian] So what can we do for you?

[Jim] I believe I've found something that'll make me pop. [Jim gives to Brian the news paper who talking about the ODs at Babylon]

[At Ethan's place]

[Justin] What's all this?

[Ethan] Celebration.

[Justin] That stuff's not cheap.

[Ethan] Cost me my entire day's wages, but you are worth it.

[Justin] So, what're we celebrating?

[Ethan] You and me, being together...

[Justin] I'll drink to that.

[Ethan] No matter what happens?

[Justin] Why would anything happen?

[Ethan] I've been thinking about signing the deal.

[Justin] What made you change your mind?

[Ethan] I can't play on the street forever.

[Justin] No one expects you to. But this guy wants you to deny who you are to deny us.

[Ethan] There's nothing noble about being poor.

[Justin] Where'd you hear that? So when you're saying that we'll be together no matter what, how exactly are we supposed to do that?

[Ethan] We'll make it an adventure. Secret rendez-vous, torrid encounters.

[Justin] I came out of the closet once; I'm not going back in.

[Ethan] I'm not asking you to. All I'm saying is people don't need to know who we are or what we mean to each other. All that matters is that we know.

[Emmett and Michael walking in Liberty avenue]

[Emmett] When I was growing up back in Hazlehurst, my family was so poor that one year, we all had to live in a tent.

[Michael] That is poor.

[Emmett] Trailer trash would've been a step up for us. As for having our own house, God, that was beyond even my wildest dreams.

[Michael] Well, now you're finally going to have one.

[Emmett] Mmm… Even if it's not that sweet little cottage. Mmm, Michael, you should've seen it. It was so warm, so welcoming. You walk through the front door, and...Well, you know what? I'm not going to think about it. I am gonna count my blessings and be grateful for what I've got: a good deal. A smart investment. And somehow I'll learn to love it.

[Boys walking into the Woody's]

[Ted] Hey!

[Emmett] Hey!

[Ted] They accepted our offer.

[Jen] Congratulations, you guys are homeowners.

[Emmett] How exciting!

[Debbie] There's nothing like owning the roof over your head.

[Vic] Even when it leaks.

[Debbie] And having your own backyard.

[Vic] Even though you have to keep reseeding it 'cause the g*dd*mn crabgrass kills everything.

[Debbie] Or knowing that if the cold, cold world treats you like sh*t, it's still yours to keep you warm.

[Vic] Even if the f*cking furnace keeps breaking down.

[Debbie] Vic!

[Michael] I'm sure you'll be very happy there.

[Ted] I know it.

[Debbie] Oh, god. Look at these gorgeous rosebushes.

[Vic] And that cute little picket fence.

[Emmett] No. Those are the wrong pictures. That's another house.

[Ted] No, those are the correct pictures. That's our new house.

[***]

[Ted] Jennifer was brilliant. She got them to knock the price down. But, look, even

if she hadn't I wanted you to be happy. So...

[Emmett] Teddy. Oh my god, we bought a house! We bought a house!

[***]

[Man on television] ...aftermath of three drug overdoses at Babylon.

[Vic] Look. Shh, shh.

[Jim Stockwell on television] …last night's unfortunate and tragic incident has reaffirmed my commitment to put an end to the corruption and drug use that plague certain parts of our city.

[Debbie] Why doesn't he just say Liberty Avenue?

[Jim Stockwell on television] As mayor, I will intensify my fight to take back the streets…

[Vic] Since when are they his?

[Jim Stockwell on television] …to protect our kids, to make Pittsburgh family friendly.

[Debbie] "Family"? What the f*ck are we?

[At Michael and Ben’s place – Michael sees Ben takes his steroids]

[At Babylon – Justin looking for Brian in the backroom]

[Justin to the guy who sucks Brian] f*ck off.

[The guy] I’m busy.

[Justin] f*ck off.

[Brian] You should take a number, like everyone else.

[Justin] And you should keep your big f*cking mouth shut.

[Brian] I wasn't the one giving the blowjob.

[Justin] What did you tell Ethan?

[Brian] The truth.

[Justin] "There’s nothing noble about being poor"?

[Brian] Oh, he actually listened.

[Justin] He more than listened. He signed the papers.

[Brian] Good for him.

[Justin] What? That he sold out?

[Brian] Maybe his recordings will do the same, although personally, I could never really stand violin music. Sounds like someone torturing a cat.

[Justin] What about me?

[Brian] What about you? You expect him to sacrifice his career for a piece of blonde boy a*s?

[***]

[Brian] Is that your idea of true love, Sunshine?

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